

A Fourth of July Story by Martha McCulloch Williams. 🕿

her niece, Marina. "That goose plum sure if we both staid here. The old jelly has got to be made today. Be- one has got sense, though. She never sides, it'll be no place for you."

tience John wasn't. He's always put- swered: ting up somebody to run for something. Why, he'll spend enough on this very congress election to build a church and hide a multitude of faults."

Marina smiled covertly. She was used to her aunt's way of mixing Scripture. Mrs. Mimms thought herself very plous. Other people said she was only very ill tempered and domineering, passing on to her dependents what she received from her son John. He played at being a lawyer and spent most of his time in the county town, coming home to his mother about once or twice a fortnight.

"I think you ought to let me go," Maheard or read the Declaration of Inde-

"If that's your excuse, you shan't ing from it something folded in yellowed paper. She flung it at Marina, saying: "Now read your fill. My grandfather paid \$50 to help print that back in 1824, when Lafayette was here, and people turned fools, same as they do now. Patience knows I wish I had the money, even without interest!"

Inside the yellowed paper Marina found a breadth of what had been white silk. The Declaration was printed on it under a golden caption within a border of red, white and blue. The type was so bold the sheet had the dimensions of a small flag. Marina read the opening paragraph with sparkling eyes. Then she refolded the sheet, dropped it in the bottom of a clean eplint basket and ran away to the plum trees

They grew upon the very edge of the road. Their flittery, dark green leaves stirred in the lightest airs and let broken sunbeams filter on to the long grass beneath. Ripe plums, deep red with rich amethystine bloom, lay plentifully in the grass. The ripest had burst in falling. Ravaging bees and yellow jackets hummed and buzzed above them.

Marina was glad of the hedgerow shelter. She did not mind picking plums. The orchard was infinitely pleasanter than the house. Still she did not care to have everybody see her at work upon a holiday. She had set her heart upon going to the barbecue. Half the county would be there partly through patriotic pride in the day, but more through interest in a critical condition of local politics. It was just three weeks to the convention which would name a candidate for congress. So far it was a perfectly even thing between the two aspirants for that bonor. If one or the other got the Wayne county delegates, he would get likewise the nomination, which was equivalent to an election.

Partisans of both had got up the Fourth of July barbecue, so there had been heaps of fine work in the efforts to set one ahead of the other. At last it had been settled that young Dancy, Mr. John Mimms' man, who had a fine tenor voice, should lead the glee club in singing "Hail, Columbia!" and that his opponent, Leslie Page, should read to the assembled sovereigns the Declaration of Independence.

Marina knew both of them and hated young Dancy for a conceited flatterer. She had not seen Leslie Page since she came, orphaned, to live with her aunt. But he had been often in her father's house and, though he was years her elder, had always shown her the courtesy due a little princess. It was the hope of seeing him again which had made her so far brave her aunt. She felt that it would be enough to look up at him, herself unseen, and to hear again his voice-deep and soft and kindly. It had pained her beyond words to find herself forced to sit silent while her cousin John heaped his do like him, oh, so much! I was in his

this sometime friend. That had been hard, but not quite so ing in love with him."
ard as to stand there in that green "Now, Miss Cora." Buck Darden, hard as to stand there in that green place. The grove was a thick green shade, yet open to every wind that nominated." blew. The spring itself danced out from under a wooded hillside and ran the length of a green valley.

When the basket would not hold anstopped at the sound of slow wheels on | can't have her?"

COPYRIGHT, 1800, BY MARTHA MCCULLOCH WILLIAMS. 22 23 25 25 25 25 O; YOU can't go to the bar- | As she knelt in shadow she heard a becue. That's the word familiar voice say: "This is my place. with the bark on it," Mrs. I let the old one run it. We're off the Mimms said, glowering at same piece, you see. There'd be rows

crosses me, no matter what I do." "Cousin John is going," Marina pro-tested. Mrs. Mimms sniffed. "Men can many things," another voice said. go anywhere," she said, "specially John Mimms laughed. Marina could when they're in politics. I wish to pa- imagine his triumphant leer as he an-

> "Well, a few, specially about this barbecue. The very last of them is the slickest too. Say, do you know that yeller nigger Joe up at Grace's sta-

"I do that! Keenest sort of rascal. What about him?" the other voice questioned. Again Mimms laughed.

"Nothin much," he said. "Only Joe's comin out today to show Mr. Page the way. Page is a stranger in these parts, you see. He's got his own buggy. Devtlish good span to it too. I called on him last night at the hotel. Guess what he was doin?"

The other man muttered inaudibly. rina persisted. "I'm 19 and have never John Mimms ran on: "He was fixin what he called a handy copy of the Declaration-sheets he had got some fool to print for him in big type. Said have it any longer," Mrs. Mimms said, a man couldn't carry big, heavy books unlocking a tall black desk and draw- when he had to travel in light marchin order. I told him he was right. It was a good idea. I had a good idea too." "Then, you went and saw Joe?" the

other man said significantly. Mimms chuckled audibly. "I don't

tell all I do," he said. "But I sorter think there's trouble ahead for Mr. Leslie Page. I don't believe he'll read the Declaration after all."

The other man echoed the chuckle, As Mimms flicked his horses forward Marina caught the words: "Wayne county don't like to be fooled. It's near half for Dancy now. If this paper works right, why, he'll go through the convention with bells on."

. . . . The procession began to form at Eton's store, where the big road dipped to the spring valley. Flute and fiddles led it, playing "Lexington" as for life. orchard, where it bordered the big Then came folk on horseback, solid men, small boys, small girls and very young women; after them the buggles, each with its prancing span; next the carriages and barouches and, last of all, a dozen farm wagons full of tidy colored people and good things for dinner. The grove at Bear Spring was alive with other colored folks, laughing, chaffing, happy in the thought of seeing and hearing everything and making many an honest penny by taking care of horses and waiting on the white people.

> The Mimms carriage, gay with bunting and wreaths of summer flowers, was slightly crowded by the glee club, which sang five strong. The back seat was given up to young Dancy and Miss Cora Hill, the soprano. Her white swiss muslin frock was gay with red, white and blue ribbon. Indeed she was throughout a sort of symphony in national colors, having crisp red hair, bright blue eyes and a very white skin. She was, further, light and airy and, in her own mind, a coquette.

> "I'll sing with you, but I'll 'lectioneer



'IF THAT'S YOUR EXCUSE, YOU SHAN'T HAVE IT ANY LONGER."

choicest, coarsest satire on the head of neighborhood last winter, and he was so nice to me I just couldn't help fall-

covert and hear all her world whirling who sang alto, protested, "it's a plumb gayly by on the way to Bear Spring shame you're talkin that way! You and the barbecue. Marina loved the know this is the Dancy Glee club-at in. Marina Key has declared her indeleast it's goin to be as soon as he's pendence of the Mimms tribe, an Mr.

Dancy pretended to whisper. "Don't mind me, boys," he said. ""Twas away over the clean brown pebbles all ever thus from childhood's hour.' If Miss Cora is in love with this fellow Page, I'll get out of his way at once. other plum, Marina turned to go, but What do I care for nominations if I

"You are the beat of all," Miss Hill

ejaculated, pretending to sit farther from Dancy. The other three laughed aloud. The procession had turned into the grove, and here was the grand marshal, saying: "You all stay still untel the crowd has settled, then march up to the stand right behind the fiddles. Git your pipes tuned, an when you hear the anvil, why, jest cut loose an sing fer all you're worth."

The anvil, posted high on the hill side, was crammed with powder and In charge of its owner, big Bill Murray. As the flag blossomed out above the stand Bill lighted the fuse and sprang two yards away. Next minute flame and smoke and a roar as of thunder filled the valley. The echoes had not died before the glee club began. Miss Hill stood in front, the men making a background for her white splendors. If her voice was untrained, it was clear and true. The tenor had a clarion ring in his upper notes, though the lower ones were slurred. But an audience patriotically uncritical applauded wildly and joined in the chorus with might and main. From "Hail, Columbia!" the singers swept into "The Star Spangled Banner," which got more cheers and the same strong

"PLEASE READ FROM THIS TODAY," chorusing. Then an old fellow sprang upon a bench, waved a slouch hat and shouted: "Give us 'Dixie,' do! It's got the Fo'th er July feelin ef it ain't na-

"Hurrah! Hurrah-h-h! Hurra-a-ah!" came from the crowd. A one armed man set up a cry, keen, vital, tumultuous, instantly echoed by every masculine throat. It was the Confederate yell and swept the singers out of all self consciousness as they broke into "Dixle." Instantly the crowd was on its feet, singing, too, not loudly, but with a sort of murmurous ululation that undervoiced the glee club's chant.

"B'tacks, that makes me feel 40 years younger!" a stout man said to his crippled neighbor, who smiled and nodded toward the stars and stripes, saying: "We never dreamed o' such as this back when we fought an bled an died for 'Cousin Sally Ann.' Maybe it all happened for the best. Uncle Sam seems to treat us pretty middlin fair."

The stout man nodded emphatically. "Our man gits his chance said. "Dancy's singin sorter took this crowd off its feet, but Page is a thoroughbred. I'll back him to come in on the home stretch."

"With Thomas Jefferson to help him," the other said, smiling half wistfully. Page was walking to the platform alone and in dead silence. John Mimms sat there; so did the perspiring grand marshal and old Judge Greer, a sort of Nestor in state politics. He was Page's good friend and meant to be wholly kind in saying, "It is with pride and pleasure that I introduce Mr. Leslie Page, a Tennesseean who knows what Thomas Jefferson wrote by heart.

Page bowed thanks for the applause which greeted him, thrust his hand into his breast pocket and drew out a slim packet. As he unfolded it he almost let it drop. It was all blank paper. At once he understood that he had been tricked, that defeat stared him in the face. After all, he was a thoroughbred. Dropping his hands either side of him, he began, not loudly, but with penetrating power, to repeat the Declaration's first paragraph.

He did know by heart the substance of it. Could he, dared he, undertake to recall the form? He kept on and on, his tense voice reaching and thrilling the outermost of the throng. Suddenly mental darkness enwrapped him. He faltered, hesitated, but nobody wondered. All were looking at a slim girl in a blue gingham frock and sun hat, flushed and dusty, with hair blown out of curl. But her eyes were clear and raised confidently to Page as she walked up the aisle holding toward him what seemed to be a banner. At the foot of the stand she halted, saying clearly: "I hope I am in time, Mr. Page. Please read from this today. My great-grandfather, who was Andrew Jackson's friend, had it printed in honor of the great Lafayette."

Page raised the yellowed silk reverently and held it above his head so all might see the tarnished gold of the lettering. "It seems to me almost sacrilege," he said, "for me, for any man, to read anything to a people who own such memories and keep them green."

It was ten minutes before he could say more. Even then the marshal had to order the fiddles to strike up "The Eighth of January" by way of quieting the crowd. Under cover of it Miss Hill said to Buck Darden with her airiest toss: "The Fo'th o' July must be catch-John looks mad enough to have a fit."

Congressman Page is serving his second term and likely to serve others. His wife is young and beautiful, and her name is Marina. People who know say that the pair are easily the handsomest and the bappiest couple in

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Surgical operations and flesh destroying plasters are useless, painful and dangerous, and besides, never cure Cancer. No matter how often a cancerous sore is removed, another comes at or near the same point, and always in a worse form. Does not this prove conclusively that Cancer is a blood disease, and that it is folly to attempt to cure this deep-scated, dangerous blood trouble by cutting or burning out the sore, which, after all, is only an outward sign of the disease - a place of exit for

Cancer runs in families through many generations, and those whose ancestors have been afflicted with it are liable at any time to be stricken with the deadly malady

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-further proof that Cancer is a disease of the blood To cure a blood disease like this you must cure the entire blood system-remove every trace of the poison. Nothing cures

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A little pimple, a harmless looking wart or mole, a lump in the breast, a cut or bruise that refuses to

heal under ordinary treatment, should all be looked upon with suspicion, as this is often the beginning of a bad form of cancer. Mrs. Sarah M. Keesling, 941 Windsor Ave. Bristol. Tenn., writes: "I am 41 years old, and for three years had saffered with a severe form of Cancer on my jaw, which the doctors in this city said was incurable and that I could not live more than six months. I accepted their statement as true, and had given up all hope of ever being well again, when my druggist, knowing of my condition, recommended S. S. S. After taking a few bottles the sore began to heal, much to the surprise of the physicians, and in a short time made a complete cure. I have gained in flesh, my appetite is splendid, sleep is refreshing—in fact, am enjoying perfect health."

or information wanted, we make no charge whatever for this service.

Our medical department is in charge of physicians of long experience, who are especially skilled in treating Cancer and other blood diseases. Write for any advice

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

The free silver republican party as faded from view in this congressional district. There was no convention of this party held at Norfolk at the time the populists and democrats met. This is partly due, no doubt to the fact that Jake Maxwell has left the state. It is primarily due, however, to the fact that free silver is a lost cause, greatly discredited by the inexorable logic of events. Silverite prophecies have all utterly failed. The very things the 16-to-wunners said would come to pass have not happened and the prosperity promised if free silver triumphed has come in greater measure under a gold standard made more secure by action of a republican congress. Fusionists will find there are many in this district who never called themselves any kind of republicans, who can see how completely silverite prognostications have been discredited, who will come over to the G. O. P.-which means Good Old Prosperity.—Fremont Tribune.

There are to be a number of state elections prior to the national election in November. The election in North Carolina takes place August 2; in Alabama, August 6; in Arkansas, September 3; in Vermont, September 4; in Maine, September 10, and in Georgia, October 3. What these elections will show is not yet known, but if they point the way to republican success as convincingly as that of Oregon they will be quite satisfactory to the repub-

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Catarrh is the mother of consumption.
By this I do not mean that every case of catarrh developes into consumption, but I do mean that catarrh when unchecked, and when given the proper op portunities for extension from its place of beginning, which is the massi passages, deeper and deeper along the breathing tract, invariably ends in Consumption of the Lungs.

Catarrh seldom destroys any considerable part of the mucous surface of the upper air passages; it inflames and congests them, causing usually a superabundant and offensive distinging of the bair-like lung tubes and little lung cells the inflamation and congestion which it causes closes these small air passages and, allowing the putril discharged matter to accumulate, causes a rotting away of the membrane, resulting in what we call Consumption of the Lungs.

n of the Lungs

THE TENDENCY OF CATARRH. THE TENDENCY OF CATARRH.

The tendency of catarrh, when it has once obtained a foothold in any portion of the mucous membrane which lines every cavity of the body, is to constantly extend in every direction.

Catarrh in almost every instance starts with what is commonly known as cold in the bead. This cold is added to by another, because of some extra exposure or weakening of the system and becomes chronic. Nasal catarrh is the result. Unless a radical cure of this condition is effected, the disease passes rapidly to the throat, to the bronchial tubes, and then to the lange.

Consumption cannot be cured. New lungs cannot be made for a man any more than new fingers or a new nose; but catarrh can be cured in all its stages except this final and always fatal one.

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In an experience of twenty years, during which ime I have treated many thousands of cases of all orms of catarrh, I have never yet failed to effect adical and permanent cure. The method I employ some exclusively my own, and the remedies which I we laboratories.

Many neople law states the second direction in my Many neople law states. owo laboratories.

Many people imagine they have Consumption when in reality the disease has not quite reached that stage. I am treating and curing cases of this sort every day. So long as the process of decay has not begun in the lungs them selves, I can make the patient perfectly well and strong again.

BEGIN AT ONCE.

Let me once more arge all catarrhal sufferers to begin treatment at once, for a month of treatment mow is better than the three months later on.

I shall make for the next month a specially low fee for the treatment of catarrh not complicated by other diseases, making no extra charge for all medicines, etc., that may be required.

Dr. Hathaway & Co.,
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Order of Hearing.

Order of Hearing.

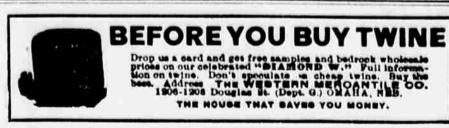
State of Nebraska. 1 28
Madison County (128
In the county court of Madison county, Nebraska, to Julia L. Andrus, El za Andrus, Sarah Locke, and Mary Tabor and all persons interested in the estate of M. E. Andrus, deceased.

On reading and filing petition of Burt Mapes, showing that Horace McBride, former administrator ## this estate died, leaving said estate unsettled and praying for the appointment of said Burt Mapes as administrator de bonis non of said estate.

It is hereby ordered that you and all persons interested in said matter may, and do, appear at the county court to be held in and for said county, on the 30th day of June, 1900, at one o clock point, to show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be gra-ted, and that notice of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof be given to all persons interested in said matter by a ablishing a copy of this order in the Norfolk Weekly News, a newspaper printed in said county for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing.

Dated May 31st, 1900.

WM. Bates, County Judge .





SHE WAS BLIND.

A blindness comes to me now and then. I have it now. It is queer-I can see your eyes but not your nose. I can't read because some of the letters are blurred; dark spots cover them; it is very uncomfortable.

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